

Venus in Fur

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Venus in Fur

by [Weconqueratdawn](#)

Summary

Written for tumblr prompt: *Will & Hannibal going clothes or lingerie shopping. Will, being a tease, decides to give Hannibal a private show in one of the stalls (trying on cute things that Hannibal takes off in the fitting room stall...PS it's shameless porn)*

Or, Will's elaborate jerk-off fantasy.

Belongs in the Quicksilver AU where Will is young and genderfluid.

Notes

The only explanation I have for this is I've been reading a beautiful gay novel about a furrier which heavily references Beauty and the Beast (Skin Lane by Neil Bartlett).

And I really, really did try and call this anything other than Venus in Fur but by the end it was inevitable. Let's all take a moment to imagine Hugh took the other role in that play, and hey presto! You almost have this fic.

Also, a shout-out to [ametis](#) for their brilliant fic [In Every Way](#) - by coincidence that one also focuses on Will's masturbation fantasies and one particular scene bubbled up in my mind when I was writing this. See if you can spot which one ;)

Thanks to my gf for being my ever-patient beta.

Finally, I condone the fur fashion trade about as much as I do cannibalism. But apparently I write about both now. Go figure.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

Once, just once, Will had let Hannibal persuade him into going clothes shopping together.

It was a kind of game they played, where Hannibal tried to buy things for Will and Will resisted as much as possible. Hannibal was more likely to succeed when he made his purchases from a distance - online, maybe, or if Will went shopping without him. Or if the reason for the purchase was, to Will's mind, a practical one. Something he needed for school, perhaps, or something appropriate to wear to an event of Hannibal's.

Buying things *just because* was never a good reason. It made Will dizzy to think of the amount of money Hannibal had at his disposal; dizzy and slightly guilt-ridden. But that wasn't the only cause of his resistance - Hannibal liked him to resist. Coaxing Will into agreeing was most of his fun. As Will knew very well, it was a kind of game they played.

As usual, Hannibal's persuasion had been subtle. The afternoon had been a hot and sun-filled one, the sort made for lazing in the garden watching clouds glide handsomely by. Also, there had been wine over lunch - a rare occurrence for Will. Probably Hannibal had already concluded he stood a good chance of victory, and was why he'd taken a different route home that day.

There were many streets in the city which Will didn't know. These ones had rolled past unremarkably - anonymous lots and low grey buildings, punctuated by lone stubby trees - but in the sunshine they appeared dazzlingly bright and crisp, almost promising. The air was warm; it had felt like a vacation, maybe like the one they'd postponed and Will dreamed about when he should have been sweating over finals. The atmosphere buzzed with potential; was languid with dreams.

As they passed another brace of faceless buildings, Hannibal had said, "There is a store here you might care to look in someday." And then, to drive his point home: "I know the owner."

Will, sleepy in the passenger seat, had replied, "Is there anyone you don't know?" And then, surprising them both, "Why not today?"

Hannibal had smiled a quiet wolfish smile, and pulled over.

*

The building Will was led into wasn't exactly a store - put simply, it was a warehouse. But a very good quality warehouse - certainly nothing inside had been imported cheap to pile high on mall-store shelves. The labels all said *Milan* or *Paris*. Several just had names, presumably of designers. Will didn't know about those things and didn't much care - he left that to Hannibal.

"Our biggest market is online," the manager had explained, "but we keep a small boutique on Fifth Avenue." He'd satisfied his duty with a brief call to the owner - during which Hannibal's enjoyment at having his name open doors closed to others had been imperfectly concealed - and then left them to it.

Will had wandered the racks, up and down, up and down. The clothes were all sheathed in shiny protective plastic but underneath they were rich with colour and texture.

“What do you think?” Hannibal had asked, appearing at his elbow.

“Not a lot of people around,” Will had replied. “Makes things simpler.” He’d been determined to remain non-committal - Hannibal could have his victory, but only after a wait.

Hannibal knew this, of course. He remained conscientiously unobtrusive, lest he should disturb Will from settling down to choose. He let Will drift where he pleased without direction; didn’t call Will’s attention to any items or bring him things to look at. Will enjoyed himself - it was rather freeing. Eventually, though, he cracked.

“Why here?” Will had asked, spinning on his heel. “It’s not just because it’s quiet, is it?”

Hannibal had briefly inclined his head in the way that told Will he’d hit on something. “They have some very pretty items.”

“Yes, I’ve seen,” Will had said. “All silk and lace, just how you like it.”

“Indulge me?” Hannibal had asked. A frequent ploy: to act the besotted lover who merely wishes to bestow a present on his beloved. “Pick anything you want - as much as you want. Just this once.” He’d gestured around them. “There’s no one to see.”

Will had frowned and smiled at the same time, and thought how there really should be a name for that expression - he wore it too often now. “Okay,” he’d said. “Though we both know you won’t be satisfied with just once.”

And he’d done as Hannibal suggested. After all, that was exactly why he’d agreed to come - wasn’t it?

When he was ready - when he’d collected armfuls of things to try on and look at in private - he’d been shown to a room. It was an unused office, drab and grey, with stained ceiling tiles and a shard of greenish mirror propped up in one corner.

“There aren’t any proper fitting rooms,” Hannibal had said apologetically and, respectful to the last, withdrew from the room.

But what if there were? Will had thought as the door closed behind him. *What if there were?*

*

It was his favourite fantasy, and he liked to begin it the same way: the lunch, the wine, the sun streaming through the windshield. The backs of Hannibal’s hands on the steering wheel appear golden, as do his knees. The car smells hot, and its plush leather seats stick to his legs. The windows are open; a warm breeze tickles his neck, ruffles his hair, whispers in his ear.

Without speaking, Hannibal pulls over and they go inside - back to that dark silent cave, rich with beauty and fine fabric.

This time there's no one else here, no one they need to seek permission from. For all Will knows this place and everything in it belongs to Hannibal. And rather than keep his distance, Hannibal follows him down the aisles, silent but encouraging. His presence alone compels and persuades - Will simply drifts along with its currents.

Will chooses; he doesn't think. There's no plastic this time - each garment is naked for inspection; raw silk and beading, stiff satins and brocade, lush velvets and soft angora. His fingers probe and slide the hangers apart, touching, looking, enjoying.

And the deeper they go with their search, the more invested Hannibal becomes. He holds things up against Will's skin, to see if this shade or that is more becoming. His desire is clear - he will arrange Will like a painting, master his tones and textures, display him in the very best manner. It will be perfect, and through it will perfect his love for Will.

Here, safe in his fantasy, Will can admit how it thrills him to be wanted this much, and by this man. There is something in his love which is too hungry; it has bared teeth and a bloody heart. They could do much damage to each other - he knows they are far beyond the point of polite, clean partings of ways. But compared to everything else he sees, it is vibrant and urgent and real. There's only one way to go now, and that is onward.

Trailing along a rack, his fingers sink deep into fur - the sudden warmth is disconcerting, he half-expects to be clawed or bitten. Though they don't leave the claws on now, of course - it's considered ghoulish. Will pulls it free and finds it to be a mid-length coat. He slings it over his shoulder, and carries on.

The longer they search, the more passive Will is. Maybe he is just tired, overwhelmed by choice. Hannibal takes over - now he is the one who browses the racks, picks things out for Will to wear. At first it is simply easier, and then it becomes pleasurable. He feels like a mannequin, a doll to be dressed up and admired. Hannibal holds him by the wrist and makes him turn in a slow circle; his eyes rake and scrutinise, consider every angle. The thought heats Will's face - somewhere far away his jeans are unbuckled, and a hand slips into his underwear.

A door appears, discreetly off to one side. They go through it and find a comfortable fitting room. Its furnishings could all belong in a boudoir, except for the raised platform in the centre, lit softly like a stage.

The clothes are piled up and Hannibal sorts through them. Will undresses and waits.

Methodically - it takes a long time - every single item is tried on. There are outlandish things Will would never dream of - gowns and slips and dresses so encrusted with embellishments, so cleverly cut, Will doesn't know himself in them. Hannibal enjoys this - the buttoning and the unbuttoning, the zipping and the unzipping. The whisper of fabric over skin, the teasing warmth of his fingers that never truly touch what they seek. But this is only the introduction; this is for Hannibal's own amusement and to delay what is coming.

In that far away place, Will pauses to stretch his already-cramped limbs. Under his hand his flesh is hot and slick; he takes a moment to savour its demands without fulfilling them. It's too soon, much too soon; there's so much more to come.

Next is the lingerie; there is silk, lace, even velvet. Some of it is beautifully modest - it drapes and conceals and in it his skin is rosy and blushing. Some of it is sheer and barely there - revealing the shadows of his hip bones, the peak of a nipple, the soft curling weight of his cock. Will tries each piece quietly and obediently, his increasing arousal evident and unremarked upon. Hannibal shows his pleasure in myriad ways - purrs little noises into Will's ear, presses kisses to his neck, slides warm hands along the curve of his back. He particularly likes that Will should enjoy being pleasing to him.

All is silent; neither speaks. Touch communicates everything; a squeeze of fingers mean *turn* or *raise your arms* or *look at me*. A brush of a thumb along his wrist means *you are beautiful*. Will's hands on Hannibal's face means *so are you*.

At home on his bed, Will gasps aloud and slides his fist tightly down his length. A transformation is about to take place: a painful tug behind his ribs and a pooling heat between his thighs is all it takes. His arousal is suddenly powerful, swelling and filling, bursting out of him like his cock from the barely-there panties in his fantasy.

By contrast Hannibal's arousal seems different; helpless, an offering rather than a demand. The reaction it causes in Will is not sympathy; it is something fierce and rough. He moans now, long and low, and in his mind sees Hannibal reflect his unashamed want with burning eyes.

"Bring me the fur," Will commands, and it is done - Hannibal sweeps it onto his shoulders.

Its weight settles heavily, huge and enveloping. Soft and thick, it brushes his cheek, the tops of his thighs, the bones of his fingers. Hannibal's fingers plunge deep into its undercoat as he takes Will's arm. When he bends his head in deference, Will leans down to kiss him.

As in all good fantasies, there's a shift. Time and place is neatly rearranged so Will can focus on what he's been looking forward to.

The stage is gone - now there's a dressing table and Hannibal is bent over it, pants and underwear pooled around his ankles. Will moves closer and runs a hand over his flank; closer still, and the coat brushes the backs of Hannibal's naked thighs. A suppressed shiver travels along his spine and Will smiles. He knows what Hannibal wants, but that's not why he's going to get it.

His cock aches; Hannibal's ass is presented, and his legs are spread. He's already slick and open, like he secretly prepared himself in the restroom while Will sipped wine over lunch. Or maybe he prepared himself, like this, in front of Will.

He lingers on this aspect of the fantasy - plays and re-plays each scenario as if trying to choose a favourite. But it doesn't really matter which it is - either way there would be the wet slip of fingers, Hannibal gasping quietly, a flush across his cheekbones. Will grips the base of his dick, digs his elbows and heels into his bed, and breathes hard - he's close, but he's not quite ready yet. There's more he wants.

He lies back and concentrates on how wearing the coat must feel; its heat would be sultry, animal, powerful. He's never seen a real fur coat but imagines there would be a scent, too -

just a faint one. Enough for Hannibal to detect, at least. He breathes in this savage imaginary smell, lets it take him over until his needs have clarity and weight again.

Hannibal is waiting; Will pulls his dick free of his underwear and nudges the tip against him. One push and it slides in, slow and sweet. His mind snags on the stretch of Hannibal's hole as it takes him, leaving Will bent over and gasping even in his dream. Hannibal groans brokenly, wordlessly, in answer. Will can't see his face - his forehead rests on the dressing table and his fingers grip at its edges. Instead he watches his own flesh disappearing inside him, wet and glossy and luscious.

His patience snaps; he grabs Hannibal's hips so he can take his fill, fingers digging in cruelly. Words fall from him - things like *fuck you feel so good* and *you like that don't you?* and *spread your legs more for me yes that's it*. Hannibal obeys, his body hard and lean and so, so willing. He's not sure if he'd ever fuck Hannibal quite like this in real life - he likes it best when Will makes it last as long as possible. Maybe this is too quick, too dirty, but perhaps Will wants to, just to see how fast he can make him come. Maybe he'll suggest it, next time-

No, no, not yet, Will thinks. *Not yet, not yet*. He brings to mind the coat again - it's sliding off his shoulders, silk lining sticking to his back. He pushes his hands under Hannibal's shirt, glides them around and up, so he can rip it open and rub greedy fingers through the fur of his chest. His breath is loud in his own ears; the sticky wet slap of his hand on his dick becomes the sound of their joining bodies. Hannibal's is made of deep animal heat; it grips and slides and begs for more. Over and over Will slams into him. *God yes that's right you need this sometimes don't you? Let me in, let me have you, you want me to have you-*

Hannibal comes powerfully; he stills and tenses and shudders his way through orgasm. Will imagines his come spatter over the fine French dressing table, sliding down its front to the floor - and thinks of his own, ready to spill deep inside Hannibal. He groans, casts forward helplessly, and- And-

When he next opens his eyes, Will finds a pillow has fallen across his head, obscuring most of his bedroom from sight. He lies quietly for a moment, imagining the warm weight of the fur has been laid over him, and that there might be soft sure footsteps alongside the bed. *Any minute now*, he thinks, *the mattress will dip as he climbs in beside me*.

It doesn't, of course. But no matter.

He yawns, throws the pillow aside, and snatches up his phone from the nightstand.

I've been thinking about you, he texts. *Can I come over later? Promise I'll wear something pretty*.

End Notes

[You can find this post on tumblr here](#) - reblogs are much appreciated! And for a complete list of all the stories and for easy viewing of all the art, [we made a QS website](#).

[I'm on tumblr](#) and [twitter](#) (and very occasionally on [pillowfort](#) and [dreamwidth](#)).

I also write my own fiction which you can learn more about [here](#).

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